

OXFORD OBSERVER.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 8, 1825.

[NUMBER 75.]

THE REFLECTOR.

RELIGION.

Oh! look upon the morning sun
Just rising o'er the edge of ocean;
Those billows sparkling as they run
Appear to feel warm life's emotion.

Religion rising o'er the soul
Is brighter than the sun or sea;
Those for a day may foam and roll,
This shines in Heaven eternally.

FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Death spares neither age nor sex,
But alike unkind of their wrath,
Hurries them away.

When death comes to summon his devoted victim away from this world, he will accept of no excuse—no plea, however cogent or forcible—no argument, however strong or persuasive, can move him to grant a reprieve. Neither can weeping relatives or mourning friends excite his compassion, nor can they influence him to defer his visit until another time. No matter how great the bereavement or severe the loss—no matter how bitter the affliction or poignant the sorrow—no matter how great or irretrievable the disaster which the coming of death causes, his grim and irrevocable mandate must be obeyed with a prompt and implicit obedience. Death is a cruel tyrant that parts the nearest and dearest friends, regardless of the pain which his sting leaves behind, and reckless of the pang that he inflicts. Beneath the unsparing hand of death, youth and old age, beauty and deformity, greatness and lowliness, fall indiscriminately and impartially. He enters the splendid and magnificent halls of the wealthy as well as the humble and homely dwellings of the poor. Even the dazzling grandeur of the throne does not intimidate him, nor is it proof against his attack. He stalks in there with as little ceremony and respect as he would into the cottage of a peasant. The lisping babe, that prattles upon a mother's knee, is as liable to fall beneath the relentless stroke of death as the superannuated and infirm. No condition—no stage—no station in life, is exempt from death, but all must expect eventually to meet it. How, or when, or under what shape death will come, is unknown to any one. He has no particular appearance—no stated time—no peculiar form, but he comes unawares, unexpected, and when he is least thought of. He is an intruder that comes uninvited and unsummoned. He plucks from society some of its brightest ornaments and most useful characters, regardless of their worth or benefit. If we look around us, we will behold those who a short time ago shone in all the loveliness of youth and beauty—whose vivacity and gaiety of disposition enlivened and cheered every company in which they mingled—whose wit and urbanity of manners imparted mirth and pleasure and delight to those with whom they associated—whose kindness and affection spread a happiness through their families—whose benevolence and charity often dispelled misfortune's gloom, hushed the heaving sigh of the widow, and dried up the brawling tear from the orphan's cheek. But where are they now?—they are clasped in the cold embrace of death—they have deserted the paths of men, and have descended to the dark and gloomy habitation of the dead. Those eyes that once beamed with sprightliness and love, are now dim and sightless—those cheeks that once glowed with animation and vigor, are now pale and sunken—those ears that were never closed to the cries of distress or sadness, are now deaf to all worldly sounds—those lips from which often fell those soft effusions of compassion and sympathy, which characterize the Christian, are now cold and livid; their forms are no longer seen in this passing world—they have returned to their native clay. Death is an invincible conqueror. No force, however strong, can withstand his approach. He stalks along in open defiance of strength or power, slaying all that comes in his way, shewing no favor or respect to persons. The young as well as the old—the beautiful as well as the homely—the strong as well as the weak—the brave as well as the dastardly—the great as well as the humble—the king as well as the beggar, falls equally beneath his unmerciful and immutable sentence. He enters into the habitation of the contented, though poor cottager, and, with one ungenerous sweep, carries away that little happiness was there enjoyed: substituting therefor mourning and tears. That joy and delight and pleasure which once dwelt there is fled, and grief and sorrow and affliction have taken their place. If we take a view through the vista of gone-by generations, and ask ourselves where are those eminent men whose deeds we so much admire, who have thrown so much light and instruction on the world, and to whose opinions so much deference and respect was and is paid, our reason will answer—they are dead—they have long since sunk into the dreary tomb—they have long ago returned to that dust from whence they originated; all that was mental of them has reverted to its pristine chaos. To reflect on death is unpleasant; but if indulged frequently it may be conducive of a great deal of good. It will inevitably bring us to a contemplation of the mutability of all things earthly—of the fleeting and transient possession of all human happiness, and of the necessity and

paramount importance of attending more particularly to things which belong to another and far superior world. It will have a tendency to raise our thoughts above this mundane sphere, and to direct them to those regions above, where alone true and real and genuine happiness and pleasure dwell—where none of the cares or troubles of this life find admittance—where unalloyed and unceasing bliss is enjoyed—where death cannot find access to mar or interrupt the indescribable delight experienced there.—Frequent meditations on death contribute to wean and estrange our affections from the nothingness of this world, and to place them on objects more deserving of our esteem. It will bring us to the recollection of what we are, from whence we spring, for what we are destined—it will recall to our minds that we are mortals, and as such, subject to a change—that we originally came from dust, and consequently must return to that dust—that we were created to adore and serve God, faithfully and dutifully, and that our destination is Heaven.—If we walk into a grave-yard and there behold the remnants of mortality embodied in its native clay—there behold the inevitable fate of every human being—there see the end to which all mankind must come.—If we take a view of the graves of those who were once as we are now, but who are mouldering and crumbling to ashes; must we not naturally conclude that we also must soon be like them—that the race of our existence must one day or other be run—that our lamp of life must one time or other be extinguished, and that we must at some period of time launch upon the immeasurable and limitless shores of eternity!

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.
CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Chester, 22d July, 1825.

Yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, we took leave of Liverpool and crossed the Mersey in a steam-boat at Brickenhead Ferry to the Cheshire shore. The estuary of the river is about a mile and a half wide, and in both directions, as far as the eye can reach, covered with vessels of every description. So great is the number of steam-boats crossing the river at three or four different ferries, and plying up and down the river, that a cloud of black smoke constantly hangs over the waters, and adds to the obscurity in which the town is enveloped. Its spires were scarcely discernible from the opposite shore. The banks of the Mersey, as far as they could be traced through the dense atmosphere, appeared high and romantic; and the bustle of commerce in the harbor, added to the verdure and beauty of the surrounding country, presented a scene extremely picturesque. Its effect was heightened by the serenity of the day, and a band of music on board the boat.

At Brickenhead agreeably to the advice of our friends at Liverpool, a post-chaise was chartered to take us to this place. The distance is sixteen miles. It was accomplished in about two hours. The road, which is perfectly smooth and most of the way level, runs along the left bank of the Mersey and presents a full view of the river and opposite shore, until it reaches Eastham, where there is a ferry from Liverpool. For the whole distance, it leads through the rich, agricultural county of Cheshire, so celebrated for its extensive dairies, the products of which used frequently to reach our own shores, until rivalled by the same commodities from the pastures of Orange and Quebec. The land is in a high state of cultivation. Every road maintains its man. In point of population, however, it cannot be compared with Ireland. The fences consisting of embankments crowned with hedge-rows of hawthorn, shrub with exactness, are at once substantial and beautiful.

Haymakers of both sexes were busily at work in the fields. In several instances, females were observed pitching hay from the cart, with their cheeks flushed by the heat of the afternoon and the severity of the toil. The crop of hay appears to be abundant. It is uniformly put into stacks, exposed to the weather. Not a barn was seen the whole distance. The wheat fields appear to be luxuriant, and are fast whitening to the harvest. I should however think the season considerably later than in New-York. As evening approached, large droves of cows were driven up, and the milk-maid commenced her task. The rural quiet of the country and its pure, fragrant air, were peculiarly grateful to us, after having breathed for eight or ten days the hot and smoky atmosphere of the town. Although there was nothing unusually attractive on the road, except here and there an antique Gothic Church, or a neat country seat, the ride was pleasant and exhilarating. The finest residence we saw is Hooton Hall, belonging to Sir Thomas Stanley, a few miles from this place. He is a branch of the ancient Stanley family, so celebrated in the annals of Lancashire and Cheshire. His lady and suit passed us just this side of the Hall, being on their return from London. There were two out-riders; but the equipage was not splendid.

Between seven and eight o'clock, the coach arrived at Chester, and passing through the North Gate, which gives name to the street, soon landed us at the Royal Hotel, near the Eastern Gate. The hotel belongs to the Earl of Grosvenor, and is from that circumstance generally frequented by strangers, as it is said they are more readily permitted to visit his Lordship's seat and grounds in the vicinity. So eager was our curiosity to take a view of this ancient city, the aspect of which was totally unlike anything we had seen, that without dining, or even thinking to bespeak dinner, we at once scaled the wall by a flight of steps near the eastern gate, and commenced our walk towards the north-west.

This wall is a most curious and interesting piece of antiquity. Its origin, both as it regards the period of its construction and the nation by whom it was erected, is involved in obscurity. Some say it was built as early as the 73d year of the Christian era. Authentic records, however, reach no farther back than the 9th century, when it is spoken of indirectly; and as a matter of course, there is little doubt, that the work was of Roman origin, since it is certain that the XXth Legion made this their head quarters for some time. The site of the pretorium is still pointed out to the traveller. It formed the termination of their con-

quests and marches towards the west. The wall has undergone some modifications at different periods; but the great outlines of it have been preserved. It is of various heights, according to the ground over which it passes, being in some places forty or fifty, and in others not more than ten or twelve feet. The top is nearly upon a level, wide enough for two or three persons to walk abreast, paved with smooth flags, and the sides guarded by railings. It is about two miles in circumference, extending among the buildings of the town which have been erected on both sides of the wall since it was completed. It is constructed of red sand-stone, which is weather-beaten, crumbling with age, and exhibiting all the marks of great antiquity. The remains of battlements, niches and towers, along the parapet, now nodding to their fall, are sculptured with grotesque figures and rude inscriptions, most of which are illegible.

The first object which attracted our attention after climbing the wall, was the Cathedral on the left within the town. It is a large Gothic pile, the origin of which is involved in the same obscurity, as the other antiquities at Chester. It is extremely rude and grotesque in its architecture, with stained glass windows, and every thing about it bearing the marks of decay. The red sand-stone has been discolored by time; and exposed as it has been for ages to the weather, it has assumed a sombre hue, as if seared by a fire. Some years since its spire was taken down, from an apprehension that it was dangerous and would soon fall. The building is connected with the ancient Abbey of Wabburgh, (whose purity and sanctity were such that miracles are said to have been performed at her tomb,) and surrounded with tombs and monuments of the dead. A visit to the interior was reserved for the next day.

At a few rods beyond the Cathedral, on the parapet of the wall stands an antique and shattered tower, twenty or thirty feet high, and apparently just ready to tumble into ruins. It is thought to be so dangerous, that it has been shut up, and visitors are not allowed to climb it. Many rude and half-effaced images are carved in the stone; and on one side is an inscription, which states, that in 1654, Charles I. stood upon the top of it and witnessed the defeat of his army upon Rawton Moor, whence he retired to the summit of the Cathedral, where one of his officers was shot dead at his side. From this point, the view of the country to the north-east, in the vicinity of Delamere Forest and Rawton Moor, is picturesque and beautiful, when seen in connexion with the ancient city. At the base of the outside of the wall passes the Nantwich canal, cut through solid rock, in some places to the depth of 30 feet.

Having passed a quadrant of the wall, which is at intervals for the whole distance bordered with niches and Gothic sculpture, we crossed the arch, forming the north gate, or avenue leading to Liverpool. A little beyond this, there is a high platform on the parapet, mounted by a flight of steps, from the top of which the mouth of the Dee and St. George's Channel, together with the mountains of Wales are seen in the distance, forming a charming back-ground to the landscape which intervenes, composed of a rich country watered by the winding river, and small vessels riding at anchor in the harbor. At the south-western angle of the wall, on the outside, stands another ancient pile, called the water-tower, which is a fine ruin, mantled with ivy. It was celebrated in the civil wars of the Commonwealth, and at length yielded to the cannon of Cromwell, planted on the opposite bank of the Dee.

At a little distance from the tower, the wall passes another fine arch, denominated the Water Gate, completing a second quadrant of the city. Along this face, spreads the Roodee, a beautiful level common, closely shorn, bordered on one side by the meanders of the Dee, and extending on the other to the base of the wall. It comprises an area of 84 acres, and is now used as a race course. The meaning of the term is the *Road of the Dee*; and although the green turf is now appropriated to profane purposes, its name is of holy origin. From the smooth sod rises a little cross of crumbling sand-stone, which marks a spot consecrated by a superstitious legend. It is reported, that an image of the Virgin Mary, which fell upon the head of a lady of distinction and crushed her to pieces, while at her devotions, was thrown into the Dee at Hawarden Church several miles above, and floated to this place, where it was picked up and interred, inscribed with the following stanza, which no one can doubt is of Gothic origin:

"The Jews their God did crucify,
The Hardeners theirs did drown,
'Cause with their wants she'd not comply,
And lies under this cold ground."

Passing by the Infirmary and the Gaol, which are modern buildings, well enough in their way, we arrived at the stately pile in the south-eastern angle, called the Castle. These have all been lately rebuilt, and although neat, possess little interest, except from their associations with former events. The Julius Caesar, or Agricola tower, is encased by a modern structure, and now forms the magazine of the armory. Our particular examination of this place was postponed to another occasion. Just beyond this, is an entrance called "the Hole in the Wall," where there is the remnant of a Roman arch, said to be the oldest in the kingdom. The Dee used to be forded opposite this point. Besides being consecrated by the footsteps of the XXth Legion, it has been celebrated in later times, as the place where King Edgar landed, when he was removed from Handliridge, cross the Dee by eight captive Princess. At the corner of one of the streets in this part of the town is a little tavern, called the Edgar Hotel, with a sign on which the above mentioned scene is delineated, the regal ornaments all wearing their crowns, with their coats off.

Between the Hole in the Wall and the South Gate, the ancient rampart leads through a narrow passage among the houses and buildings, some of which are occupied as manufactories, whence proceeds a most villainous stench. It was not a little amusing to find this nuisance palliated, in a topographical description of the town, by stating that it heightens, from contrast, the fine scene which immediately after opens upon the eye of the traveller. Such an apology reminded me of the negro who was fond of being whipped, because it gave him so much pleasure when it was over. Within a few rods of the Southern Gate, is a stone bridge over the Dee, built in the seventh or eighth century. It is a rude structure, with five massive arches and bastions at top, like a fortress, and has probably been used as such. It is now in a crazy condition, and accounted very unsafe.

On the remaining section of the wall, there is nothing peculiarly interesting, except a fine view of the river Dee, as it winds along, forming the semicircular point of land upon which Chester is situated. At a little distance on the right, is St. John's Church, an extremely ancient structure, associated with much

history and many traditions. The village of Handliridge, on the opposite shore, where Henry IV. of Germany resided when he retired from his throne to this place, stands upon an eminence, and appears to great advantage.

Our promenade around this dilapidated and crumbling wall was entirely novel, and exceeded in interest any thing I had before witnessed. The evening was remarkably fine. In the course of our circuit, the sun with a broad, red disc, shorn of his splendor, sunk behind the hills of the west, and the moon soon followed his train. Before the survey of the walls was completed, the bells of the Cathedral rang a *curefew*, which is still observed in this ancient city. Herds of cattle were quietly grazing upon the Roodee, which is often called the *lea*. As we paced the wall, a thousand circumstances recalled the beautiful elegy of Gray, and the imagery every where to be found in the English Poets.

To-day our examination of Chester and its environs has been completed. You may judge how active and industrious we have been, on being informed that we have walked about twenty miles in the course of the day taking scarcely time for breakfast and dinner. In the morning, our steps were first directed to the centre of the city, where once stood a cross, at the junction of the four principal streets, leading through the gates above mentioned. The sacred emblem was demolished in the civil and ecclesiastical wars, and a protestant church now stands upon the site.

Chester throughout is a curiosity. Every thing was new to us. It is one of the oldest towns in the kingdom, and its venerable aspect is in a great measure preserved. Its houses are grotesque in the extreme, being a mixture of stone, wood, brick and mortar, with the gable ends to the street, and embellished with the oddest sculpture imaginable. Buildings are annually tumbling in with absolute old age. Some of them seem to threaten the heads of tenants, and even to travellers, impending as the piazzas do over the side walks. Most of them are built in what the inhabitants call the *Rotes*, consisting of a lower tier of rooms under the pavement of the side way, the roof of which forms a part of the buildings, supported by pillars towards the street. The shops and dwellings are back of this odd species of piazzas, on a level with the walk. At intervals, there are dark and covered ways leading through from street to street. It is said this construction was adopted, to guard against the Welsh, who in turbulent times used to make frequent incursions upon Chester, and plunder its inhabitants.

In Bridge-street, a tavern was pointed out to us, connected with which is a curious tradition. Dr. Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, was entrusted with a commission from Queen Mary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, authorizing him to persecute the protestants. On his way to Dublin, he put up for the night at this house. The landlady being apprised of his errand, and being less of a catholic than either her guest or her sovereign, hit upon an expedient to defeat the bloody project. She secretly elipt the commission from the box in which it was enclosed, and substituted a pack of cards in its place, taking care to turn up the Jack of Clubs. In the morning the Dean pursued his journey, and delivered the package to the Lord Lieutenant, who on opening it found to his surprise *Pam* staring him in the face. The holy messenger trod back to London with all possible despatch, but some change of views had in the mean time taken place, and the persecution was stayed.

A little below this, on the same street, we penetrated a dark and dirty cellar, for the purpose of viewing the remains of a Roman Bath. It stands in the side of a rock, on thirty pillars, about two feet high, at equal distances. The roof is covered with cement. Persons have crept into the gloomy recess until nearly suffocated with the confined air. Near the bath is a living fountain, hewn from the solid rock, from which the water was drawn. Here the soldiers of the XXth Legion used to recreate themselves after the dusty toils of the field and camp.

In this avenue, we also visited St. Bridget's Church, founded by Offa in the eighth century; as also the old house, in which the Gamul family resided, and afforded refuge to Charles I. when he was driven from the throne, and persecuted by his enemies. An hour was passed at the Bridge, and in St. Mary's Church. The latter is a great curiosity, being a most perfect specimen of the antique throughout. Its architecture is rude Gothic. The roof exhibits the ancient mode of panneling, and is fantastically embellished with rose work. In the corner of the church the Gamul family lie in state, sculptured as large as life in marble. At the foot of lady Gamul, a child sits reading the bible. Noblemen, gentry, and persons of distinction, lie entombed around, with their tablets, escutcheons, and armor, suspended from the walls.

We next rambled over every part of the Castle from top to bottom. A part of it is used as a tower house; another part as a prison; a third as an armory, in which are 20,000 muskets, pistols, carbines, and other implements of war neatly arranged. But the modern tower had few attractions for us. It was much more interesting to be shown the spot over one of the gates, where Richard II. slept, when he was driven from Ireland, than to look at the seat where a modern Alderman doses. From the top of the Castle, there is a fine view of Moel Fammo, (the mother of mountains), the highest hill in Flintshire, and of Beeston, a curious insulated hill to the north-east, crowded with the ruins of an ancient Castle. On the summit of the former is a beacon erected as a memorial of the coronation of the present King. By a curious coincidence, we were gazing at the monument, on the anniversary of that event, and while the guns were roaring through the city. A birds-eye view of the town and its environs, from the battlements of the Castle is uncommonly picturesque.

In the course of the forenoon we visited the large area, surrounded with shops, appropriated to the sale of Irish linen at the Fairs; also a large number of very ancient houses in Watergate-street, on one of which is engraven, "God's Providence is mine inheritance," inscribed by its tenant as a tablet of his gratitude, for being preserved amidst a pestilence, to which his neighbors all fell victims. Near this is the former residence of one of the Bishops, who died in 1615. The front bears his insignia, and a variety of Scripture pieces curiously carved in wood.

GREAT OIL CARGO. The ship *Swift*, Arthur, has recently landed at Nantwich, more than three thousand barrels of spermaceti oil, making nearly one hundred thousand gallons. This is undoubtedly the largest cargo of spermaceti oil ever carried into any port in the known world—and is worth about eighty thousand dollars. The *Swift* was absent but little more than twenty-eight months.—*Nantwich Inquirer*.

FOREIGN.

FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

A friend has favored us with the perusal of letters, (says the *Boston Traveller*.) received in Boston from the Mediterranean, but their contents are similar to what has been before published; and we barely make an extract from one dated

U. S. Ship North Carolina,
Gibraltar Bay, 15th Oct. 1825.

"Col. Rodios, commanding the Grecian Regulars (1200) on the Morea, dined with us and took his departure from our ship on the eve previous to our sailing from thence. He expected to make an attack on a detachment of the Turkish army at day-light the next morning, at the Mills a few miles distant from Argos. "I had the pleasure of meeting with an old French Colonel by the name of Garrele, who fought with La Fayette in the American Revolution, and who is now second in command in the Grecian infantry.

"We expect shortly to sail for Port Mahon, and lay up in winter quarters, but shall be here again in the spring, for provisions, &c. and take a summer's cruise."

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ship *Columbia*, Capt. Graham, arrived at New-York on Saturday, files of London and Liverpool papers to the 23d October, the day she sailed, have been received.

The news from Greece continues to be favorable. Ibrahim Pacha was completely hemmed in, according to some accounts at Tripolizza, and was suffering severely for provisions. The Greeks were at length united in the vigorous prosecution of the war for their common defence.

By the Paris papers it seems that Gen. La Fayette was received at Rouen with the same enthusiasm he was in this country. He dined with M. Cabanon, one of his old colleagues, in the Chamber of Deputies. More than two thousand persons assembled in front of the house, in the evening, and shouting 'Vive La Fayette.' The police, however, thought fit to order out the gen d'armee, and the populace were repeatedly charged with drawn sabres, and many of them were injured! Another account says a number of females were murdered!! [So much for the liberal government of Charles X.]

The *Times* says, "The American man-of-war *Brandywine*, which has been lying in Coves Roads during the past week, has attracted considerable attention, especially in the naval world. She presents the singular anomaly of a frigate in some respects superior to a ship of the line."

The Consultative Junta of Spain, which was installed on the 25th of Sept. began its operations on the 29th, by a representation to the King, in which he is told, that the ignorance of some, and the inexperience of the greater number of crown officers, are particularly hurtful to public business, both from the bad principles on which it is conducted, and the delays occasioned by it. The Junta conclude by proposing different changes in the offices of government. A number of important questions have been proposed to this body by the ministers. Among them are the following: Is it advisable to publish an amnesty, and how far ought it to extend, in order to obtain the double object of calming the public mind, without compromising the rights of the throne? What would be the means of pacifying our colonies, and bringing them under the government of the mother country?

A fire broke out in Liverpool on the 11th of Oct. in the Warehouse next to Mr. Hardman's, in Williamson-street, which speedily communicated to the adjoining one, both of which were filled with cotton. There were about 800 bales of cotton in the two warehouses, most of which was destroyed. The cotton and buildings were insured.—On the 16th another fire was discovered in a Warehouse, (formerly the Tennis Court,) in Gradwall-street, which was also filled with cotton, the property of Messrs. Cropper, Benson & Co. There were about 2300 bales of cotton in the building, very little of which was saved. The property consumed by these two fires is estimated at 40,000*l.* exclusive of the buildings.

Information has been received in London from Calcutta, that the King of Ava had made overtures for peace.

Letters from Rome state that the health of the Pope is completely re-established.

Capt. Perry.—This experienced and enterprising officer arrived in London the 6th Sept., having left his ship, (the *Hecla*), off Peterhead. His third attempt to solve the important question, for which he and his gallant crew have encountered so many hardships, has again been defeated. It is said, however, that the disappointment this time was entirely accidental, and the hope of success had begun to assume such a character of certainty, that though the great object is delayed, its ultimate attainment is placed almost beyond the probability of doubt. The expedition wintered at Port Bowen, on the left side, in lat. 73, lon. 89. Their operations commenced favorably. The sea lay open to the southward and westward, under a cloudless sky; every indication seemed to point to a happy consummation of their wishes, when unfortunately a field of ice struck the *Fury* with such violence as to make her a complete wreck. It then became necessary to abandon her, and transfer the crew and stores to the *Hecla*, which by those means became so encumbered, that it was thought imprudent to proceed any further on the voyage.—This accident is the more to be regretted, as one or two days would have taken them into an open sea, perfectly free from ice, and which continued so the twenty-five days they remained endeavoring to save the *Fury*. To the very horizon on every side there was a blue water sky, with not the slightest appearance of any ice blinks.

The large timber ship, *Baron of Renfrew*, arrived at Dover on the 13th October, and the same night went on shore at Long Sand. The opinion was that she would not be got off.

The conferences, (says a Paris paper,) between Baron Mankau and the Envoy from Hayti, give reason to hope the most favorable results for the commerce of both countries.

The Russian gold mines are represented as likely to become very productive. Not less than ten thousand pounds weight of this precious metal are expected to be obtained in the course of the present year.

Official intelligence from India had reached London, stating that serious overtures for peace had been made by the Court of Ava, and it was supposed a Treaty would be made; the war party being left without means of carrying it on any longer.

The northern provinces of India are said, in private letters, to be the scenes of constant confusion and revolt.

DOMESTIC.

THE MURDER OF MISS CUNNINGHAM.

The following notice of this horrid deed, with some particulars not heretofore stated, is now published, in the hope that it may yet contribute to the detection of a monster not fit to live. It is still involved in mystery.

On Monday, the 4th of April last, Evelina Cunningham, a young woman, who lived near Charlestown, in Cecil county, Maryland, left her home to go to a relation's not far distant, taking with her a child of a relative, about four years old. She had to pass a short distance on the post road leading from Havre-de-Grace to Elkton.—About 11 o'clock in the day she stopped at a house on that road, where she was invited to wait a while, and told that the man of the house and his wife intended going the same way, and would walk with her. She replied that the child walked very slow; that she would therefore go on, and they might overtake her. These people were delayed, and did not leave the house until about 1 o'clock. While on their way, they observed a strange man come out of the woods near where Miss Cunningham was afterwards found, carrying a bundle, and wearing a dark colored surcoat, who asked, as he passed them, "How far is it to the ferry?" (Havre-de-Grace ferry.) No uneasiness was entertained by the family which Miss Cunningham had left, it being supposed she was at the house she intended to visit. On the following Friday morning, the child, in almost a famished state, was discovered standing at a branch by a neighboring woman, who, knowing the child, asked it, "Whom it came with?" It answered, "With aunt." "Where is your aunt?" The child, pointing to the woods, said, "up there." "Why did she not come with you?" "Aunt is asleep," it answered—"I could not wake her." Persons went immediately to make search, one of whom following the track which the child had made in going to and from the branch, was led directly to the lifeless body of Miss Cunningham. Of the horrible and blood chilling spectacle which it exhibited, we are permitted only to say, that on her body and neck were found eleven wounds, as from the stabbing of a knife; her hands were cut, as if from seizing the weapon; and the blood-vessels on one side of the neck were cut in two. From the extended position of her arms and hair, she appeared to have been dragged by the feet from the place where she was first wounded. She had worn black worsted stockings, which were pulled off and taken away: whether they were marked or not, is not known. She was found with one shoe on. The child said it had put on one of aunt's shoes, but could not get on the other. It could give no other information of the murder than that "a big, ugly man cut aunt with a knife." The little sufferer had con- tinued with the body from Monday till Friday, leaving it only to go to the branch to drink, but often crying and begging its "aunt" to awake and get up. The lower part of a shirt-sleeve, evidently torn off, was found at the spot, and still is kept.

One John Connors, a native of Canada, and a shoe maker by trade, was arrested in Virginia on the 1st of June, and has been lately tried in Maryland for the above murder. He was acquitted on full proof that at the time the crime was perpetrated he was in Millersburg, Kentucky. This man's arrest quieted inquiry as to others.—On the day of the murder, a stranger crossed the ferry at Havre-de-Grace, who paid the ferryman a striped cotton jacket with sleeves, for his ferryage. This man had with him a bundle, and wore a dark colored surcoat, supposed to be of bottle green. A man in a similar dress, and also having a bundle, was overtaken on the road by a boy in a gig, and asked the boy to let him ride.—On being refused, he got into the gig, and continued in it till they saw Miss Cunningham at some distance, and whom they would soon have met, when the man jumped out and sat down on the side of the road.

On the previous Saturday night, two men, a woman and a child, who said they had come from the Potomac canal, lodged at a house in Cecil county, near the Chesapeake and Delaware canal. About 12 o'clock on Sunday, being a stormy, snowy day, they left the house for the canal.—Early on Monday morning, one of the men returned, got his breakfast, and took from his bundle several articles of clothing, which he left, saying they belonged to the other man, who returned and took them the next day. The woman and child did not come back with them. The man who returned on Monday morning soon left the house, to go back, as he said, to the Potomac canal, and passed on the post road from Elkton towards Havre-de-Grace. He wore a dark colored coat, and had with him a bundle. On or about the 13th April, a man was arrested

in Baltimore, who, on his examination before a magistrate, stated to the magistrate and gentlemen present, that he saw the young woman who was murdered in Cecil county; that he was sitting in the wood on the road side when she passed by; that he remained in the neighborhood till Friday, when she was found; that in passing along the road he was afraid, being a stranger, that he might be taken up, and asked a gentleman on the road to let him ride in his carriage or remain in company with him, the latter of which he did; that he saw the funeral, and was sorry to think that so fine looking a young woman should have been so cruelly treated; and finally, he came from Havre-de-Grace to Baltimore by water.

This man, when arrested, had a dark surcoat and a bundle with him. What is yet more strange, he told the magistrate and the other gentlemen that he came from Canada, and that his name was John Connors. The boy mentioned above and another person, being sent for, said he was not the man they had seen on the road. He was discharged, and asked the magistrate for a certificate to prevent his being taken up again, which was given him.

A reward of \$300 has been offered by the executive proclamation for the detection of the destroyer of Miss C—. Editors throughout the union are respectfully requested to give publicity to the above. Any information or intelligence by letter or otherwise, transmitted to either of the Baltimore editors, will be gladly received, and properly used to bring so foul an offender to justice. *Balt. Morn. Chron.*

THE MURDER OF S. P. SHARP.

The following particular account of what is most truly termed a "horrible assassination," is copied from the *Kentucky Argus* of the 9th ult:

The annals of our country do not present an act so horrible as that which it is our painful duty to record. About 2 o'clock on Sunday night last, Col. Solomon P. Sharp was awakened by a knocking at his door, and, on inquiring who was there, was answered that it was Covington. His wife observed it was not Covington's voice, and advised him not to rise. He, however, got up, and the stranger informed him he had come in town late and could not get a bed at any of the taverns, and solicited lodging for the night. Col. Sharp told him he should have a bed, and opened the door.—The assassin entered and passed with Col. Sharp by the door of Mrs. Sharp's room. He then asked, "are you Col. Sharp?" The Colonel answered in the affirmative. The assassin then said, "my name is John A. Covington." Col. Sharp replied, "I do not know you." The assassin said, "damn you, you shall soon know me," and plunged the fatal weapon into his body. Mrs. Sharp heard her husband fall and groan, and, springing from her bed, alarmed the family. He was found lying upon his face near the spot where the blow had been struck, gasping for breath.

Some of the nearest citizens were immediately alarmed, and, on entering, witnessed a scene which beggars description. Col. Sharp was expiring; his wife, prostrate upon his body, was kissing him, and bathing him with tears; their infant child was crying at missing its parents; and Dr. Sharp, the Colonel's brother, was lying by his side exhausted and overcome by emotion. Mrs. Sharp soon became wild and delirious, in which state she continued several hours. Col. Sharp never spoke, and could not have lived more than ten minutes after receiving the blow. The assassin's dirk or knife penetrated the centre of his body about three inches above the navel.

The murderer escaped at the same door by which he had entered. A bloody neck handkerchief was found near the door, with one corner cut off and two holes through it, evidently made by the same instrument which gave the fatal wound. Apparently, the murderer had wrapped it around his hand and arm, and stabbed through it, for the purpose of avoiding being stained by the blood of his victim, and as he passed out wiped his weapon upon it and threw it down.

Never was a more cool and deliberate murder perpetrated. The door at which the murderer applied was not the street door, but one which entered near the room where the Col. slept, and the most private of the whole house. It is evident that he must have known the house and the room where his victim was sleeping, for, had he knocked at any other door, he would probably have been met by some other person.

The gloom which this event has spread through society is of the deepest cast. The murder of a man in his own house, at the dead hour of night, almost in the presence of his wife, and warm from her embraces, with his children sleeping around him, while extending the rites of hospitality to his assassin, is a blow at all that is sacred in social, civil life. The public feeling is also much heightened by the mystery which shrouds the motive of the murder. Col. Sharp's talents, the station which he held, the time selected for the horrid deed, and the fact that he was not known to have a personal enemy, cause suspicions to flash across the mind, that the assassin was not actuated wholly by personal considerations. May Heaven grant that, in the speedy apprehension of the murderer, all such painful thoughts may be dispelled.

\$4,000 REWARD. In addition to the \$1000 offered by the Trustees of Frankfort, the legislature has authorized the Governor to offer a reward of \$3000 for the apprehension of the murderer of Col. Sharp. A considerable sum is also raised by private subscription: so that the whole amount offered, does not fall much short of Five Thousand dollars.

Mr. Sharp was, during the war of 1812, a Representative in Congress, from Kentucky, in which capacity he distinguished himself by his acute and ready reasoning, and his zealous support of the then Administration of the Government; since which he has been at the bar, in a popular practice, and at the same time a conspicuous actor in the political transactions of the State in which he lived. *N. Y. Intell.*

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1825.

BRIDGES.—Among the many contemplated improvements of the present day, that of erecting a Bridge over the *Androsoggia* river, on the County road from this place to Augusta, is certainly to be recommended. When we take into view the increasing travel upon this road, which must, eventually, be the thoroughfare between the two Shire-towns, and perhaps, from New-Hampshire to the eastern part of the State, we must conclude that it would remunerate (at reasonable rates of toll) the Stockholders of the bridge.—We have deferred making any remarks upon this subject, until the present time, in order to inform ourselves, not only as it respects its practicability, but whether its cost would not require a larger capital than it would be prudent to invest in an object of this description; for it must be recollected, that about one third part of the year, the river affords good passing upon the ice. But after making the best calculations with the limited information which we possess, we have no doubt, should the petitioners prosecute their object, and build a good bridge across the river, that they would realize their most sanguine expectations.

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.—We have several times called the attention of this class of our fellow-citizens to their former brethren in arms, who are making exertions to urge their claims before the present Session of Congress, for compensation, in part, for services which they performed in the struggle of this country for Independence. We have been, and are still of the opinion that now is the most favorable time that has occurred for several years. We would further inform them, that a meeting was held a few days since at *Amherst*, (N. H.) at which seventy of those patriots who feel too much independence to wear they are paupers, signed a petition, to be presented to Congress, to redeem the pledge this country gave them, by compensating them for their services. On the 29th ultimo, a similar meeting was held at *Brunswick*, in this State, where twenty appeared and signed a petition, also to be presented to Congress. Our country is now abundantly able to extend its bounty to those who aided in giving it a rank among the nations of the earth. We sincerely hope that the few who now remain with us, will receive that remuneration which some of them so much need, but which they are unwilling to claim under the *pauper act*.—We insert a notice in a subsequent column, for a meeting to be held at the Court-House, in this village, when we hope to have the pleasure of seeing every one present, who fought for his country in the Revolutionary war, who does not now enjoy her bounty. We have no doubt that, when their petition reaches Mr. LEXCORN, our Representative in Congress, he will do all in his power to urge their claims, and get a law passed for their benefit. Yet, after all is done, they may fail, but we hope not.

A NEW MACHINE.—We have examined a machine for spinning wool, invented by a Mr. Slater. It is of very simple construction, and is not liable to get out of repair. From its appearance we should conclude, that it is not harder for a woman to spin upon it than on a common woollen wheel, and at the same time she can produce, at least, four times the quantity of yarn: It does not require so much room as a common spinning wheel.—The expense of the machine is about twenty-five dollars.

NEW ROAD TO PORTLAND.—The Committee, appointed by the Supreme Judicial Court, to locate a Road from Norway to Portland, have been engaged in performing the duties assigned them, and have, ere this, probably, completed their surveys. We understand that the Committee have fixed upon ground that can be converted into a good road at a moderate expense; and will be free from most of the hills in the road now travelled, and will shorten the distance considerably. The hill known by the name of *Black-Strap*, will be left wholly out of the new road.

We inform our good-natured friend, the editor of the *Eastern Chronicle*, that he would have received the "last *Observer*" in due season, had we not been so much elated with *Bridges and Canals*, that we forgot to mail it in time. This excuse, no doubt, will be highly satisfactory to the editor of the *Chronicle*.

SCHOOLMASTERS AND PUPILS.—We give below, a very important decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, as it respects the authority a Schoolmaster has over his scholars. A case involving the like principles has been tried, the present season, in the State of New-Hampshire.—The Court there decided, that a master had a right to chastise a scholar, even after he had dismissed his school—provided the scholar had not returned to his parents or guardian. And as the shipping season has nearly arrived, we recommend the decision to the notice of all such tender-hearted parents as are unwilling that their little dears should be made to obey their instructors.

From the *President's Journal*.

A case involving very important principles connected with the education of youth, was decided last week in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, holden at Taunton. The plaintiff Reed, brought an action for damages against Hill, for cruelty and improperly beating and injuring the plaintiff's son. It appeared in evidence that the defendant, in the discharge of his duty as a schoolmaster had called upon the boy who was accused by the monitor of having whispered, but who denied the charge. Another boy, who sat near him, stated that he had whispered: and the monitor had persisted in the charge, and told what the culprit had said. The boy continued to deny it, and in the mean time proceeded to look over some sums, and mend some pens. After this, he applied to the boy again, who persisted in his denial. The two other boys being again called upon, stated that

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this charge, upon which the master gave the boy a few blows with a cowskin, which he commonly used in the discipline of his school. After a little further time the boy was again called on to confess his fault, but refused, and some additional blows were given. The master repeated this proceeding several times, and applied to an older sister of the boy, to state whether her brother was in the habit of telling untruths at home? She said he was not: but in the present case she believed he did. The boy was then ordered to take off his jacket, and the master whipped him with some considerable severity, he still persisting in his denial.

After a very eloquent and ingenious argument from Mr. W. Baylies, for the defendant, and Mr. Morton, for the plaintiff, Judge Wilde delivered a charge to the jury, distinguished for soundness of legal inductions, and correctness in their application to the circumstances of society, and the interesting relations of teacher and pupil, as well as occasional touches of unpretending eloquence, which enchain the attention of the hearers, and did equal honor to its author as a lawyer and a man. The general relations of the instructor and instructed, and the delegated parental authority which the master held over his scholars, for the purpose of education, were justly stated. This authority was not to be abused to enable the master to exercise acts of petty tyranny over his school but in cases like the present, the jury was to judge whether the punishment inflicted was proportioned to the alleged offence, and whether it had originated in a design on the part of the master to effect a reformation in the conduct of the child, and for his general good: or whether it proceeded from caprice and the intemperance of passion. Whether the child were actually guilty or not, did not affect the question. The master in this respect was the sole judge, and if he proceeded, under a reasonable conviction of the guilt of the scholar, to inflict the necessary punishment, he was fully justified, though it might turn out that the child was innocent. In the case before the jury, his honor the Judge said, that there was a remarkable degree of correctness and propriety observed by the master in the manner in which he inflicted the punishment: and that as he was engaged in punishing the child, not only for whispering, but for the crime of lying to conceal his fault, it did not appear that the punishment was at all disproportioned to the offence, but was given for the sole purpose of effecting a reformation in the child, and for which every parent under similar circumstances ought to feel himself under obligation to the master.

The Judge alluded to the practice which was but too common among parents, of espousing the quarrels of their children whenever they complain of ill usage at school; by which means the authority of the master was brought into contempt, and his usefulness frequently destroyed. It was perhaps better for the child even that he should suffer some injustice at the hands of his teacher than that he should be supported by his father in an attempt to resist the salutary discipline of education. A child was frequently ruined by such a course of conduct; and should the plaintiff in the present case obtain a verdict it might be the means of rendering the boy entirely ungovernable, and alike obstinate and perversely under parental restraint as he had been under the control of his instructor. Under these circumstances, and the principles of law as applicable to the case which were altogether on the side of the defendant, it remained for the jury to decide whether the punishment inflicted was of a cruel and unjustifiable nature, manifestly disproportioned to the alleged offence, or whether the master was in the lawful and correct exercise of his delegated authority over the child.

The plaintiff has pursued this case in the most determined manner. An indictment had been obtained against the master on which he had been tried and acquitted. This action was appealed from the Court of Common Pleas, where the plaintiff was defeated by the verdict of a jury, and a second jury had now confirmed that verdict.

NINETEENTH CONGRESS. The following interesting view of some of the business which will probably be brought before the present Session of Congress, is copied from the *National Intelligencer*.

The length of the recess will give to the ensuing Session of Congress greater interest than usual, as an interval of nine months may be supposed to have accumulated much matter for the exercise of the powers of the Legislature. For the same reason, and because it may be expected to contain important developments of the views of an Administration yet new, the Message of the President, at the opening of the Session, will be looked for, we should think, with more anxiety than any document which has emanated from the Executive since the era of 1810-15. Indeed, it may reasonably be expected, independently of the suggestions and recommendations of the Chief Magistrate, to contain important information on the state of our Foreign Relations, and some also respecting Home Concerns, and particularly relative to the controversy, if it may be so called, between Georgia and the United States. Respecting our Foreign Relations, what will be most interesting to us will be what may have passed between this Government and the other American Governments relative to the Congress of Panama. We anticipate, also, interesting information of the state of the pending negotiations between this country and Great Britain, France, and Spain, with each of which we have at present questions to discuss and settle.

What character may be given to the transactions of Congress by the communications of the Executive, could be inferred only from a knowledge of what is to be the nature of those communications. Thus far, however, may, without that knowledge, be safely presumed—that nothing will come before Congress, at this Session, of a nature to produce a change of our relations of peace with all the foreign world. Long may we be able to indulge, at the opening of each Congress, a reflection so consoling!

If, however, there be little occasion for legislation on our exterior relations, our interior concerns are becoming proportionately more important in the eye of the General Government, and claim the exercise of a nearly increasing portion of the attention of Congress. It is not necessary for us to enumerate the many measures of this character which will present themselves for consideration. In naming even one or two of those which are most important in our estimation, perhaps we perform a work of supererogation, as there can be few readers to whose minds they are not already familiar.

Whatever concerns the Constitution must be more important than legislation of a less fundamental character; and we therefore place first among the subjects of debate, at the coming session, the several propositions to amend the Constitution in reference to the mode of electing the President and Vice President of the United States. Whether any thing will result from the discussion or not, we predict, with some confidence, that this subject will elicit more debate than any other that will be agitated during the session, unless it be one other, of scarcely less importance. We here refer to the establishment of the Commercial Code, to embrace the principle of a uniform system of bankruptcy. This is a measure loudly demanded by the endless perplexities growing out of the various laws of the States, and the conflicting decisions in their Courts, and fortunately is within the unquestionable power of Congress, under two express provisions of the Constitution. To the discussion of

this question, in the present Congress, great talent and legal attainment will be brought; and it is hoped a difference about the details of a measure, at the same time just and beneficial, will not again be suffered to defeat it. The details will nevertheless, very properly be subjected to close investigation, and probably to extended debate.

On the subject of Internal Improvement, there will doubtless be many propositions before Congress. It is by no means certain, though, that any new measure of that sort will be now authorized, however some such may be called for, particularly in reference to parts of the great mail routes through the seat of government, now almost impassable at certain seasons of the year. The appropriations for continuing the surveys, &c. and for the prosecution of works already begun, will doubtless be continued; and we should be gratified, with a view to this object, by the enlargement of the very useful and efficient corps of Civil and Topographical Engineers, now too limited to supply half the demand there is for their services. We shall be agreeably disappointed if any thing decisive is done at the approaching Session towards the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, or that equally important work the National Post-Road from Washington to New Orleans, though there can be no reason to doubt of the ultimate execution of both these projects.

The Judiciary of the United States imperatively demands extension, if not re-organization. The experience of the last term of the Supreme Court, not to speak of all other evidence, leaves no doubt on this head. More Circuit Judges are wanted, first, to administer the laws in several of the Districts, in which no Courts can, under the present system, be held; and secondly, to divide the labour of the Judges so as to allow a reasonable time for holding the Sessions of the Supreme Court.

Another session will not have passed away, we hope, before we shall be able to congratulate our readers that the shackles have been struck from the limbs of the unfortunate, by the abolition of imprisonment for debt—that barbarity upon which after-ages will look back with contempt and abhorrence as an engine for the oppression of the weak at the pleasure of the strong—as the infliction of punishment induced by the pang of distress. We will not doubt that, at the end of this session of Congress, imprisonment for debt under the laws of the Union will have ceased forever. After which, it will not surely be suffered to exist a twelve-month longer under the laws of any State of the Union.

The condition of the Aborigines will become another subject of very serious consideration, and it may be, of important action. The recommendation of President Monroe is well recollected, proposing to remove all the Indian tribes to the Westward, beyond our settled territory. That proposition has many friends. But some of those who have most deeply reflected on the subject, with the aid, too, of the best lights, are decidedly opposed to this plan, and prepared to act upon the idea, first suggested by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, and more lately by WAR. H. CRAWFORD, of incorporating them at once into civil society, and endowing them with all the rights, and subjecting them to all the responsibilities, which belong to other citizens of the United States. This suggestion of course involves individuality of property, and extinction of the semblance of sovereignty which they yet enjoy, and which is incompatible with their location among white settlements, from which some of them it appears, never will consent to remove. To this object we expect to see the attention of Congress more seriously directed, than it has ever been before.

Directed, we hope, of any reference to the case of the Georgia Creeks, with which it will have no more than a general relation. We are not without a reasonable hope, that all existing obstacles to the execution of the Creek Treaty of February last will have been removed before it can be presented at all to the view of Congress.

The mode of disposing of the Public Lands and Salaries is likely to undergo revision, as a proposition will doubtless be made, if not to reduce the price generally, to make a discrimination in the prices of the Public Lands according to their relative value. This measure appears to us to be founded in reason; and we should be glad to see the discrimination made, even if it were effected by raising the price in proportion to the value, instead of lowering it, as has been proposed. The present price of the Public Lands is surely low enough, taking the middle course, for an average; and equity would probably be best consulted by raising the price of the best and reducing that of the most inferior qualities of the Public Lands, according to that average.

The Georgia and Massachusetts Militia Claims will again be the topic of consideration, and perhaps of much debate; for it is a rather singular fact, that, however much at large the first of these may have been discussed, the latter have never yet been gravely debated in Congress. The subject is rather an ungracious one—so little promotive of instruction or gratification, that we care not how little it is ever debated. It is desirable, nevertheless, that both these subjects should be seriously and finally disposed of.

Time does not allow us to pursue the enumeration of the questions which this Congress will necessarily have to pass upon. Enough has been said to shew, that, independently of the questions which will grow out of the Executive Communications, there is enough of important business to occupy all the attention of Congress. One other subject only will we mention. This Session cannot be illustrated, as the last was, by the manifestations of a noble grandeur to an ancient benefactor—that case must forever stand alone on the page of history—but there remain yet claims of the compatriots of LAFAYETTE, sons of the soil, which not gratitude, but justice, invite Congress to liquidate. By taking them into consideration, they will emulate the act of their predecessors, and by that, as we hope they will by other acts, acquire a title to the approbation of their fellow-citizens and the respect of the world.

A NOBLE PROJECT.—Mr. NOAIR, the facetious editor of the *New-York National Advocate*, recommends that an Asylum for "common and habitual drunkards" be established in the city of New-York. It is certainly a meritorious object, and well worth the attention, not only of the benevolent citizens of that city, but of all large towns. Should a few such establishments be located "in the country," we imagine they would have tenants.

ECONOMY.—The *New-England Gazette*, which has been published about two years, and the *New-Bedford Mercury*, which has been published about nineteen years, are to be united into one paper after the first of January next. The enterprising publishers contemplate publishing a *Semi-Weekly* paper, should they meet with sufficient encouragement.

TENNESSEE.—Major Gen. Samuel Houston, at present a Representative in Congress, from this State, will be supported as a Candidate for Governor at the election in August next.

The dwelling-house of David Thompson, in Kennebunk, (Me.) was consumed by fire on the night of the 19th ult. together with its furniture.

We are pleased to have it in our power to state, that the *American Patriot* has been regularly received at our office for two Saturdays in succession; but are more pleased, that "the sight of the *Oxford Observer*" has "gratified" the Editor of that paper.—We felt almost afraid that the *Patriot* had forgotten us.

SWINDLING. On Friday afternoon, the 11th ult. a person called at A. Spooner's Lottery Office, in Brooklyn, (N. Y.) and succeeded in passing a worthless representation of money in exchange for nine tickets in the New-York Literature Lottery, Class 3d, which draws on the 4th of January next. The tickets obtained were of the following description, viz:

Register.	Combinations.
1,001	2, 4, 17
3,846	5, 9, 11
4,322	6, 7, 19
5,805	8, 10, 22
8,285	12, 15, 31
9,057	13, 26, 43
9,382	14, 20, 32
13,466	28, 36, 37
13,620	28, 40, 45

All persons are cautioned against purchasing any of the above tickets, as legal steps will be taken to prevent the payment of any prizes they may draw, to any person but the rightful owner. Any information of them, or of the person who may have them, will be thankfully received and generously rewarded.
New-York Statesman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
SHAKESPEARE'S "Adithi" will be given next week. We hardly think, however, he will be thanked for it. 'S's' lines on the "Thorny Rose," shall have place. The favor of 'K,' has been received, and shall appear in our next.
'A. O.'s "Dream" has come to hand; we shall insert it soon.

A Quarterly Meeting of the Methodist denomination of Christians will be held at Liv-
ermore, on the 13th and 14th inst.—(next Saturday and Sunday.)

NOTICE.
A Meeting of those OLD SOLDIERS who served in the war of the REVOLUTION, who do not now receive a Pension from Government, will be held at the Court-House, in this village, on Tuesday, the third day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon—in order to sign a petition to be forwarded to Congress at the present Session, for compensation for past services. It is requested that all who live in this County should attend—and others if convenient.
Paris, Dec. 5, 1825.

Married.
In Hebron, Mr. Calvin Washburn, of Paris, to Miss Lucy Sturtevant, of the former place.
In Hiram, Mr. Uriah Wadsworth, aged 17 years, to Miss Phoebe O. Boston, aged 15.

Died.
In Canton, 29th ult. Mrs. Sally, wife of Mr. John S. Robinson, aged 26.

At sea, on the 10th November, on his passage from the Mediterranean to the United States, of pulmonary consumption, the brave and exemplary Commodore THOMAS MACDONOUGH, of the United States Navy, commander of the squadron on Lake Champlain during the last war, and late commander of the frigate Constitution.—The health of this excellent officer had been on the decline for some months; and he had received permission to leave the command of his ship and return home. He accordingly embarked at Gibraltar, in the brig Edgar, for New-York, and sailed on the 24th October, in company with Surgeon Turk, Mr. Greir, Chaplain, and several others, belonging to the squadron. On her arrival on the American coast, the brig was compelled by the weather to put into the Delaware, where the remains of the deceased were landed, and were expected to be sent to New-York, and probably to Connecticut, his native State, for interment. The merits of this excellent officer are well known.—His wife died a few months since, in Middletown, and they have left four sons and a daughter;—one of the sons was with the Commodore at his decease.

In Washington, (N. C.) Mr. M. Willard, aged one hundred and five years and five months.
In Elenton, (N. C.) a black man, named "Old Boston," a native of Guinea, aged one hundred and ten years.—[The ages of old negroes are frequently exaggerated.]

In Barre, on the 15th ult. Mr. Nathaniel Tatman, aged 104 years, 9 months and 23 days. A very appropriate and interesting discourse was delivered at his funeral by the Rev. Lyman Maynard, from Job vii. 16—"I would not live always."
In Newton, on Thursday 29th ult. the Hon. WILLIAM HULL, in the 73d year of his age, a Field Officer of the Revolution, and late Brigadier-General of the Army of the United States.

ASA BARTON,
AGENT.

HAS just received, and for sale, a Complete Assortment of
SCHOOL BOOKS,
generally used in this section of the State—with a good assortment of **STATIONARY**—All of which he will sell at wholesale or retail, on the best terms.
Paris, Dec. 8.

LOTTERY NOTICE.

THE CUMBERLAND & OXFORD CANAL LOTTERY will probably draw in a few weeks.
Persons in want of
\$5000—\$2000—\$1000—\$500—\$200—
\$100—\$50—
or smaller sums, would find it to their advantage to call immediately at the

OXFORD BOOKSTORE,
PRICE—Wholesale \$4 50—Quarters \$1 25—Eighths 63 cents.
Dec. 8.

POST-OFFICE NOTICE.

THE MAIL from this place to Portland, will be closed at 8 o'clock on Sunday and Wednesday evenings.—And the Mail from this place through Backfield, Hartford, Livermore, Canton, and Sumner, at 8 o'clock, on Wednesday evening of each week—until further notice.
R. HUBBARD, P. M.
Post-Office, Paris, Dec. 1st.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the *Oxford Bookstore*, (whose term of credit has expired,) are now informed, that circumstances beyond the control of the subscriber, make it indispensably necessary that the same, whether large or small, be paid
(by the 15th of December next, &c.)
if they would avoid further trouble.
ASA BARTON, Agent.

Paris, Nov. 23.

Hats, Caps, & Buffalo Robes.

BYRON GREENOUGH,
Corner of Free and Middle-streets,
PORTLAND.

HAS just received his FALL STOCK—Comprising an **EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT** of
HATS & FUR CAPS
of almost every description, which will be sold **WHOLESALE** or **RETAIL**, as low as can be purchased at any Store in this State—for Cash or approved Credit.
Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call.

Also—A few Bales Superior
BUFFALO ROBES,
(WHICH WILL BE SOLD LOW.)

N. B.—Cash and the Highest Price paid for
HATTING & SHIPPING FURS.
Dec. 1. 74

J. HASKELL,

Middle-street, (two doors from Exchange-street,) PORTLAND.

HAS just received a Large Stock of GOODS in his line:—AMONG THEM ARE—
Colored and Natural

Fur and Hair Seal CAPS.

NUTRA & CLOTH CAPS.

Ladies' Beaver Bonnets.

White, Black, Drab and Fanny

OSTRICH PLUMES.

OSTRICH AND FUR TRIMMING.

SEAL COLLARS.

Seal Gloves and Moccasins.

SUPERFINE, FINE AND LOW PRICED

HATS.

Also—A few Bales

BUFFALO ROBES.

(The above are of superior quality and are offered VERY LOW.)
Nov. 22. 2m 74

Removal.

GEORGE HILL

HAS removed to the store lately occupied by Mr. Royal Lincoln, No. 2, Exchange-street, where he has for sale a general assortment of

Foreign and Domestic Goods.

(CHEAP FOR CASH.)

Portland, Nov. 13. 74

JOHN K. HALE,

NO. 1, MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,

MIDDLE-STREET, PORTLAND.

HAS just received an Elegant Assortment of

European, India & American

DRY GOODS.

(WHICH WILL BE SOLD LOW.)

for Cash or approved credit.

Wanted,

From Twelve to Fourteen Hundred yards of

COUNTRY FLANNEL,

for which Goods will be given at the lowest

Cash Price.

Oct. 27. 3m 69

MURRAY'S GRAMMAR

SIMPLIFIED,

BY FISK,

JUST published, and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*.

This Grammar is highly recommended on the ground that the author has made the study more simple, and that he has directed the subject of some important difficulties, which rendered it forbidding to young minds. The arrangement and proposed method of instruction are eminently calculated to facilitate the study of English Grammar by relieving the student from the painful task of committing to memory what he does not understand, and by teaching him the use and application of the rules and definitions as he progresses.
Dec. 8.

STRAY MARE.

STRAYED from the subscriber, about a fortnight since, a Dark Red MARE, having three white feet, a white stripe in the face, and bunches just above the hoofs upon the fore feet, which have the appearance of ring bones.—Whoever will give information of the above described Mare to the subscriber, shall be well paid for their trouble.
BENJAMIN COOPER.

Paris, Dec. 6. 75

TAKE NOTICE.

CAME into the inclosure of the subscriber, about two months since, a *Last Spring* CALF, of a dark brindle color, with a white tail and one white hind leg. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take it away.
JOSEPH JACKSON.

Paris, Nov. 28. 74

KINNE'S ARITHMETIC.

JUST published by GLAZIER & CO., and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, a short system of

PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC,

compiled from the best authorities; to which is annexed a short plan of

BOOK-KEEPING.

The whole designed for the use of Schools. By WILLIAM KINNE, A. M. Fifth edition, improved, with Questions on every part of Arithmetic, and a compendious system of Tax Making. Revised, corrected, and greatly enlarged by DANIEL ROBERTSON. Dec. 1.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

RELIGION.

I saw a Spirit fair and bright,
Whose garments seem'd of heavenly light,
In seven-fold colors 'ray'd:
She stood on the luxuriant green—
No cloud was seen; the silver beam
On polish'd water play'd.

O she was fair! her large blue eyes
In contemplation view'd the skies,
Form'd by supreme decrees;
Her parting locks of amber hair
In shining ringlets flow'd in air,
And seem'd to court the breeze.

Her lips in heavenly accents laud
Our great Redeemer and our God,
Descended from above:
A little cherub held her harp
While o'er its strings her fingers dart,
And wak'd the chords to love.

While thus her voice, divinely sweet,
With lifted brow that seem'd to greet
The One enthron'd on high—
Thy love to man surpasses all,
Thy blood aton'd for Adam's fall,
And wip'd the weeping eye.

Thy code of laws, how just they are!
Grace, Peace and Justice, written there—
The whole, a golden rule.
Why then should man distrust thy word,
Why mix with vile and filthy herd
Of atheistic school?

For thy commandments stand so clear,
The rapid traveller need not fear—
Why stand and still debate?
But onward tread the heavenly road—
Shake from thy back the sinful load,
And burst the heavenly gate.

Thus, while she struck the trembling wires,
The hills, the groves, her voice inspires,
And wakes contrition's tears:
The heavenly hosts repeat the song
Inallelujahs, loud and long,
Berne on the distant spheres.

Mountains of Held, Nov. 1825.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Thoughts on the Closing of the Year.

The year has almost pass'd away;
How fast thy wing'd moments fly!
Our life is but a winter's day;
(Short and uncomfortable our stay,
And death is ever nigh.)

Consider, man, the parting year
Should bring this thought to mind:
The closing scene of life is near—
Soon we must part with all things here,
And to the grave consign'd.

Be wise in time—prepare for death,
And give to God each parting breath:
The king of terrors then will prove
A messenger of peace and love.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

Many years ago, two men named Harpe, appeared in Kentucky, spreading death and terror wherever they went. Little else was known of them, but that they passed for brothers, and came from the borders of Virginia. They had three women with them, who were treated as their wives, and several children, with whom they traversed the thinly settled parts of Virginia into Kentucky, marking their course with blood. Neither avarice, want, or any of the usual inducements to the commission of crime, seemed to govern their conduct. A savage thirst for blood—a deep rooted enmity to human nature could alone be discovered in their actions. They murdered every defenceless being who fell in their way, without distinction of age, sex, or color. In the night they stole secretly to the cabin, slaughtered the inhabitants, and burned their dwellings; while the farmer who left his house by day, returned at night to witness the dying agonies of his wife and children, and the conflagration of his possessions. Plunder, as I have said, was not their object; they took only what would have been freely given to them, and no more than was necessary to supply the immediate wants of nature—they destroyed without having suffered injury, and without the prospect of benefit. A negro boy riding to the mill, with a bag of corn, was seized by them, and his brains dashed against a tree; but the horse which he rode, and the grain which he carried, were left unmolested. It seems incredible that such atrocities could have been often repeated in a country famed for the hardihood and gallantry of its people; but that part of Kentucky which was the scene of these enormities, was then almost a wilderness, and the vigilance of the Harpes for a time ensured impunity. Mounted on fine horses they plunged into the forest, eluded pursuit by frequently changing their course, and appeared unexpectedly to perpetrate new horrors, at points distant from those where they were supposed to lurk. On these occasions they sometimes left wives and children behind them; and it is a fact honorable to the community, that vengeance for these bloody deeds, was not reaped on the helpless, but in some degree guilty companions of the perpetrators. Justice, however, was not delayed. A man named Leiper, in revenge for a murder committed on Mrs. Stegal, the wife of a neighbor, pursued and discovered the assassins. The Harpes had only time to mount their horses and fly in different directions. Accident aided the pursuer. One of the Harpes was a large, strong, powerful horse, the other a fleet but much smaller one; and in the hurry of the flight they had exchanged horses. The chase was long and hot; the smaller Harpe escaped by the superior powers of his horse, but the less nervous animal which bore his brother being overburdened, began to fail at the end of thirty miles. Still this miscreant pressed forward; for although none of his pursuers were

near but Leiper, who had outriden his companions, he was unwilling to risk a combat with a man as strong, and perhaps bolder than himself, and was animated with a noble spirit of indignation against a shocking and unmanly outrage.

At length, in leaping a ravine, Harpe's horse strained a limb, and Leiper, as the phrase is, gathered him, (i. e. overtook him.) Both were armed with rifles. Leiper fired and wounded Harpe through the body; the latter turning in his saddle, levelled his piece, which missed fire, and he dashed it to the ground, swearing it was the first time it had ever failed him. He then drew a tomahawk, and waited the approach of Leiper, who nothing daunted, unsheathed his long hunting knife, and rushed upon his desperate foe, grappled with him, dashed him to the ground and wrested his only remaining weapon from his grasp. The prostrate wretch exhausted with the loss of blood, conquered but unsubdued in spirit, now lay prostrate at the feet of his adversary. Expecting every moment the arrival of his pursuers, he inquired if Stegal was of the party, and being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed, "then I am a dead man." "That would make no difference," replied Leiper, calmly, "you must die at any rate—I do not wish to kill you myself, but if nobody else will do it, must." He then questioned him as to the motives of his late atrocities. The murderer attempted not to palliate or deny them, and confessed that he had been actuated by no inducement but a settled hatred of his species, whom he said he had been sworn to destroy without distinction, for some fancied injury. He expressed no regret for any of his bloody deeds, except that which he confessed he had committed upon one of his children. "It cried," said he, "and I killed it—I had always told the women I would have no crying about me." He acknowledged that he had amassed a large sum of money, and described the place of concealment, but as none was ever discovered, it is presumed that he did not declare the truth. Leiper had fired several times at Harpe, during the chase, and wounded him; and when the latter was asked why, when he found Leiper pursuing him alone, he did not dismount and take a tree, from behind which he could have shot himself, he replied, he did not suppose there was a horse in the country equal to the one he rode, and was confident of making his escape. He thought, also, that the pursuit would be less eager so long as he abstained from shedding the blood of any of his pursuers. On the arrival of the rest of the party they despatched the wretch; who died as he lived—in remorseless guilt. His head was severed from his body, and placed in the fork of a tree, where it hung remained a revolting object of horror. The spot is still called Harpe's Head road. The chase commenced near Highland Lick in Union (then Henderson's) county, and ended in Muhlenburg county. The distance between these two points on a straight line is from thirty to forty miles.

The other Harpe made his way to the neighborhood, I think, of Natchez, where he joined a band of robbers, headed by a man named Miller, whose villainies were so notorious that a reward was offered for his head. Harpe took an opportunity, when the rest of his companions were absent, to slay Miller, and putting his head into a bag, he carried it forward and claimed the reward. The claim was admitted, the head of Miller recognized—but so was the face of Harpe; who was arrested and executed. In collecting oral testimony with regard to circumstances long past, a considerable variety will often be found in the statements of different persons. In this case I have found none except as to the two Harpes having changed horses. A day or two before the fatal encounter, they had murdered a gentleman named Love, and had taken his horse, a remarkable fine animal, which "Big Harpe" undoubtedly rode when he was overtaken. It is said that "Little Harpe" escaped on foot, and not on his brother's horse.

After Harpe's death the women came in and claimed protection. Two of them were wives of the larger Harpe, the other one, of his brother. The latter was a decent female, of delicate prepossessing appearance, who stated that she had married her husband without any knowledge of his real character, shortly before they set out for the west—that she was so much shocked at the first murder which they committed, that she attempted to escape, but was prevented, and that she has since made similar attempts. She immediately wrote to her father in Virginia, who came for her and took her home. The other women were in no way remarkable. They afterwards married in Muhlenburg county. These horrid events will sound like fiction to your ears, when told as having happened in any part of the United States, so foreign are they from the generosity of the American character, the happy security of our constitution, and the moral habits of our people. But it is to be recollected that they happened twenty years ago, in frontier settlements, far distant from the civilized part of our country.

The principal scene of Harpe's atrocities and of his death, was in that part of Kentucky which lies south of Green river, a vast wilderness, then known by the name of the Green river country, and containing a few small and thinly scattered settlements, the more dense population of the State being at that time in its northern and eastern sections. The Indians still possessed the country to the south and west. That enormities should sometimes be practised at these distant spots, cannot be a matter of surprise; we only wonder is there were so few of them. The first settlers were a hardy and honest people; but they were too few in number, and too widely spread to be able to create

or enforce wholesome, civil restraints. Desperadoes flying from justice, or seeking a secure theatre for the perpetration of crime, might frequently escape discovery, and as often elude or openly defy the arm of justice.

Selections from Foreign Journals.

DUBLIN POLICE.

POLYGAMY.—On Tuesday a most extraordinary case was called on before the Magistrates of the head police-office. A young woman, with very black eyes, and rather well-looking, stated to their worship that she was in great doubt whether she was the wife of one Peter Harman, with whom she had now lived more than two years. Peter Harman, she said, was an old pensioner, and she believed a stout objection in the ranks of war, consequently, she had no objection to Peter Harman, in that particular; but the neighbors round about her had got a nasty habit of abusing and backbiting, (people must be talking,) and saying that she, Honor Cromie, was not "the lawful wedded wife" of old Peter Harman, the pensioner. Now, if she was not his wife, she did not want to live with him, but would seek some younger man; what made her think that "what everybody says must be true" concerning Peter Harman's first marriage, was, that in addition to the reports of the neighbors, an old ugly, black-eyed little woman was in the habit of coming to their tenement in Wine-tavern-street, where she abused Peter Harman and her, (the complainant,) desiring her in very fine language, not to be a coo-biting with another woman's husband; now she brought this same old woman to their worship's office, and they would find her persist in saying not only that she was the wife of Peter, but also the mother of two of his children.

The Magistrate looked at the old woman, as if he were about to ask her a question, when she instantly cried out, as quick as the words could be spoken—"All true as the Gospel, please your Worship; my name is Catherine Ryan; many is the long year ago since this old villain married me, a young innocent creature; Oh, if you were to see the two boys we had, both dead, one died in Barbadoes; I was ankle deep in blood with the old cut-throat before now, and this is the way he leaves me; he'd do any thing that is bad; this little minx here made him turn from the Church of England to the Church of Rome. Can your worship do nothing for me? I know you can, but you won't. I have my certificate, but the old fellow burned it on me."

Peter Harman then stepped forward, and combing down his white locks with his brawny hand, he said, "Please your Worship, as to what that there Katto Ryan says about this here business, it is all a sham; she says as how she's my wife; if she be, where be the certificate? I think I have her there, your Worship." "Catch a fox asleep and his eyes open!" no, no, I know a trick worth two of that: as to the two children, she be right and tight there; but ax her had she one of them afore she got married."

First wife.—Ah, your Worship, I was an innocent lamb, and couldn't help myself; but this one was never married at all at all to him, because she was married before.

Magistrate.—You hear what this woman says.—Were you ever married before you met with Peter Harman?

Second wife.—Me married! Oh! Lord, no, your Worship; it was only a disappointment.

Magistrate.—A disappointment! I do not understand you.

Second wife.—Ah! your Worship will shame the life out of me. It's well enough; you know what it is for a girl to be disappointed.

Magistrate.—I must confess I do not understand you. Peter Harman.—Ah! your Worship, she was married to a catholic that was for all the world the likes of herself; he was non-compos.

Magistrate.—Well, Mrs. Cromie, I am afraid that although you have brought the complaint, you are the most likely person to be tried for bigamy. Were you divorced from your first husband, when you married Peter Harman?

Second wife.—Oh, no, your Worship; but you know when he was not fit for a husband, how could I be his wife? Besides, the complaint has been already dismissed by Alderman Archer, in James-street police office.

Magistrate.—That's quite impossible, Mrs. Cromie; for Alderman Archer has not the power of divorcing. Peter Harman.—Is that all your Worship knows about the law? Oh, but he has, and I have it under his own hand; sure the Alderman gave it to Honor Cromie himself.

Magistrate.—Is Mrs. Cromie's first husband aware that she has married a second time?

Peter Harman.—That he be, your Worship; for he came to me the day after our wedding, and wished me joy of her; he be as honest a catholic, Sir, as ever wore a cravat.

First wife.—Ah, then, what am I to do, Sir? Must this one have two husbands, and I never a one? Magistrate.—I do not know—I dismiss the complaint altogether—you must settle it among yourselves.

This decision did not seem to please any of the parties, excepting Peter Harman. It was evident that the young wife was anxious to get rid of the old man, while the old wife wished to retain him; but neither obtained the object of her wishes.

MANSION HOUSE.

On Saturday one Mrs. Maria Welsford, a lady of very elegant appearance, was charged with playing at the fascinating game of *Rouge et Noir*, in the following singular manner:—

The complainant, one Mr. Barford Cony, a painter by profession, (not in the style of Rubens or Vandyke,) but an ornamentor and decorator of houses, stated, that a short time since, he was employed in the decoration of the exterior part of the dwelling, in which Mrs. W. and family resided, and that it became necessary, in order to complete the job, that he should enter the room, which he accordingly did; but no sooner had he done so, but he had reason to repent it. The lady bounced in, and with fury in her eyes and a poker in her hand, instantly ordered him to jump out of the window. Complainant having that regard for his neck which is inseparable to human nature, declined doing so, whereupon the fury of Mrs. W. rose to 120 degrees beyond fever heat, and with uplifted arm she aimed at the head of the unfortunate painter, which had it taken effect, would have brushed him out of this world altogether; he, however, with the dexterity of an "O'Shaughnessy," warded off the blow with a pot of red paint, which quickly flew into a thousand pieces, scattered its contents in all directions, and covered his face with more rouge than would supply all the ladies at Almack's for the whole season. A deputy "Knight of the Brush," who was standing on the balcony outside, at this moment popped his head in at the window to "see the lark," as he called it, immediately furnished the lady with a fresh

object of attack, and seizing a pot of black paint that lay on the floor, she threw both it and its contents at his head, and the latter streamed over his face until he looked like a black doll, hung over the door of an old rag shop. From the superior force of the enemy the "painters" thought prudent to abandon the fortress and leave the beleaguered in full possession, and now sought a remedy at the hands of the Lord Mayor. In answer to the charge, Mrs. W. made a speech in that style which is called by the learned "rigmorole," in which she admitted the assault and battery, but pleaded in justification that she had a right to defend her own house from all intruders. To this it was replied, the complainants had the consent of her husband, but that in her opinion amounted to nothing. After considerable discussion, the parties were ordered to retire and settle the matter, and on some "sovereign" remedies being applied, the "painters" expressed themselves perfectly satisfied, and Mr. Hobler told them on any future occasion, when they wished to obtain the consent of the "master" of the house, to enter his rooms, to inquire who was master, as in this case it appeared that the grey mare was the better horse.

A man who forget his own name.—It is a fact, known to many persons in this city, that some years since, a highly respectable and well educated citizen of a southern city, called at our Post-Office and said, "have you got any letters for me?" "What is your name, sir?" said the clerk. The gentleman raised his left finger to his nose, looked grave, and said—"I will tell you directly," and turned on his heel out of the office. A few yards from the Post-office he met a friend, who said, "how do you do, Mr. —?" "That's it," said the gentleman, and returned to the office, told his name, and obtained his letters.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A lady, who had been a long while under the care of a London physician, was advised by him to visit Bath, and presented her with a letter of introduction to a no less able practitioner at that place. The lady with true feminine curiosity, stimulated not a little by a natural wish to know his real opinion of her case, so far violated the laws of honor as to break the seal—when she found, to her utter dismay, the letter of which she was the bearer, to be as follows:—"My dear friend—I send you a fine fat pigeon, whom I have well plucked, and who will bear more plucking. Pray make the most of her. Your's ever." From this letter, laconic as it was, the lady derived more benefit than from all the prescriptions of her physician; for instead of going to be plucked, she stayed quietly at home, abandoned doctors and medicine, and with the letter sent a ready plucked pigeon to the physician at Bath.

Two waggoners travelling different ways happened to meet at a place where the passage was so narrow as to render it difficult passing each other; a dispute consequently arose who should turn out of the road and let the other go by. One of them roared out, "If you do not turn out immediately and let me pass, I will serve you as I did the other fellow just now." This address had the desired effect; the other expecting to have some disagreeable trick served on him, should he disobey, immediately turned his team to one side, but as his antagonist passed him, he desired to know how he had served the other man. "Why (said he) the stubborn rascal swore he would not turn out for me, so I turned out myself and let him pass."

MAINE FARMERS' ALMANACK for 1826.

FOR SALE at the Osborn Bookstore, by the gross, dozen or single, on the best terms. Said also—Dr. Messrs. Morse & Hall, Maj. John Dyer, Lt. Ebenezer Drake, Jr., Jarius Shaw, Esq., Capt. Alfred Andrews, and Thomas Crocker, Esq., James Loring, Esq., Zadoc Long, Nathan Atwood, and Nathaniel Harlow, Esq., Barfield—John R. Briggs, Esq., Woodbury—Charles Bartlett, Esq.—Messrs. Crocker & Crocker, Rumford—Lt. Ichabod Bartholomew—Cyrus Shaw, Esq., Hebron—and by Traders generally. Nov. 10.

THE OBSERVER'S REGISTER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY ASA BARTON, For the Proprietor, at two dollars per annum, payable in advance, or at the option of the publisher.Advertisements are conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms. All letters, addressed to the post office, No. 2, Post Office.

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